THE
NATION

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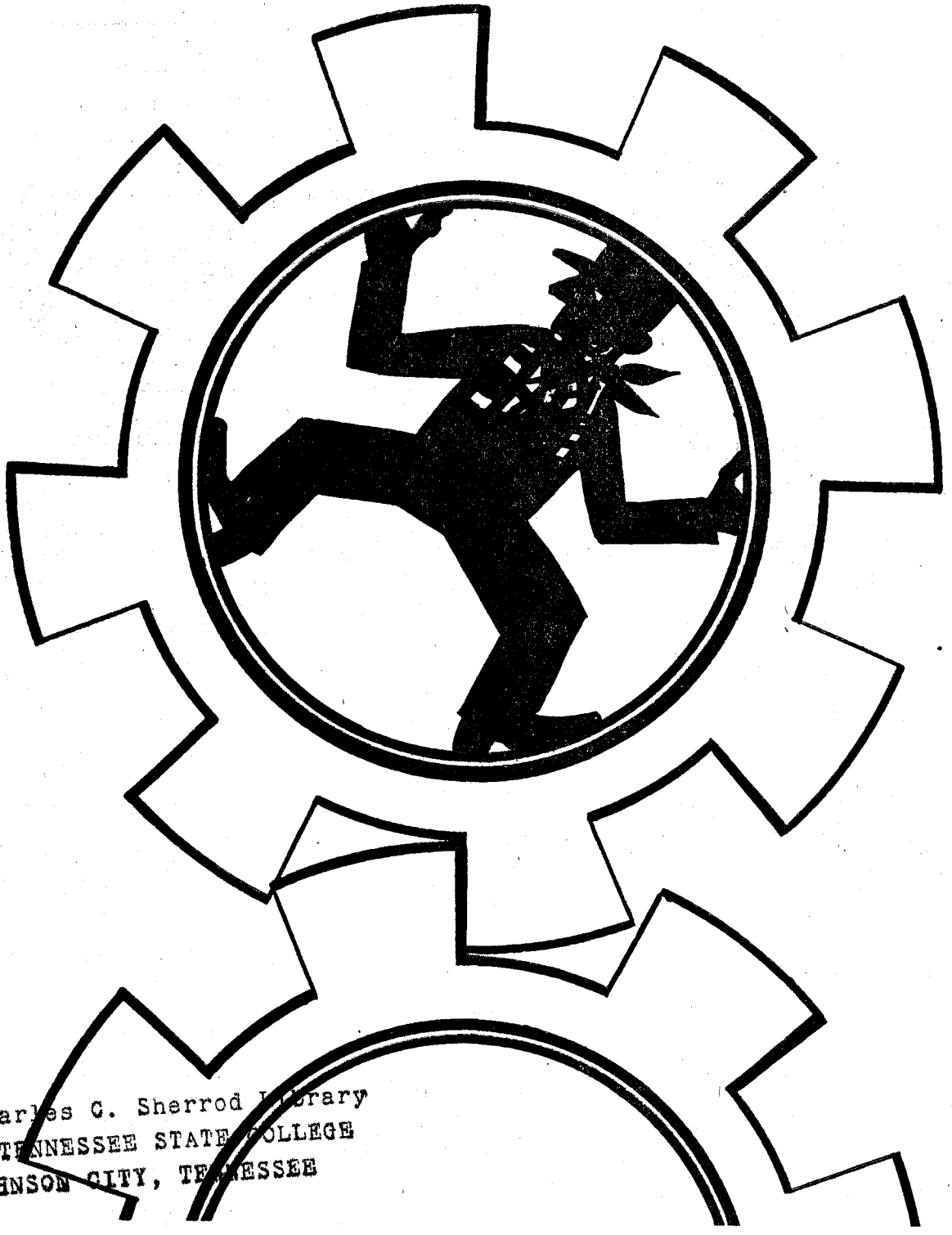

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GEARING DEMOCRACY TO BIGNESS *Michael Reagan*

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LETTERS

Price of Heresy

Dear Sirs: I read the editorial in the May 11 *Nation* concerning the risk which Southern professors were taking in supporting integration. Unfortunately, what is a risk among professors has already become an actuality among students. Several students of South Carolina State College have been expelled for participating in anti-segregation activities. In January of this year I was told that I could not continue as a student of Florida State University, due to my participation in the activities of the Tallahassee Inter-Civic Council. My expulsion was based on my work for the election of a Negro candidate to the Tallahassee City Commission; I was promptly "disciplined" on the morning after the local White Citizens' Council demanded my scalp.

JOHN BOARDMAN

Syracuse, N. Y.

Molecules and Mother Love

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* for May 4, Dr. H. B. Richardson has taken rather strong exception to some aspects of my article, Molecules and Mental Illness, which appeared two weeks earlier. Dr. Richardson's letter refers to Dr. Linus Pauling's "chemical approach to mental illness which he believes to be the only solution of the whole problem." Nowhere in my article is there such an implication, and if there were, Dr. Pauling would certainly renounce it. Secondly, it was my decision, not Dr. Pauling's, to go rather deeply into sickle-cell anemia in order to make as clear as I could what was meant by "molecular disease." Any implication that this is the only possible proof, or that nothing else exists in the record of medical science to support Pauling's mental-disease research, is my fault. Needless to say, the Ford Foundation would hardly have granted Dr. Pauling $450,000 to study mental disease simply because he had demonstrated the existence of a disordered hemoglobin molecule.

Dr. Richardson states that "No disease ... can be adequately understood on the theory that it has any one origin or cause." He adds: "Pauling contends that the root of the matter might as logically be molecules as mother love. This statement is true ... neither excludes the other." Here, I think, we part, unless Dr. Richardson wants to run barefoot through a Reichenbach chapter on causality. Both might be involved, but both could hardly be "the root of the matter." The phrase "molecules or mother love," by the way, is not Dr. Pauling's but mine, though I think the sentiment is accurate.

Finally, Dr. Richardson writes that "From the point of view of treatment that aspect of the illness is the most important for which a technique is available for treatment." The first seven words are the key: from the point of view of treatment *when?* The whole point of the article is that molecular understanding of disease—not just mental disease—can and almost certainly will open up methods of treating illness that are far more certain and far more scientific than methods used today.

GENE MARINE

San Francisco, Calif.

Defining the Illness

Dear Sirs: Even though I am not a psychoanalyst, I was very disturbed by Gene Marine's article on Molecules and Mental Illness. What, exactly, is a "mental illness"? Where does one draw the line between mental illness and uniqueness, mental illness and rebellion? Is a liberal in a totalitarian society mentaly ill? Is a non-conformist in a democratic society mentally ill? Basically, would not the discovery of a chemical "cure" for mental illness—aside from the extreme and more obvious organic illnesses—simply be a device for adjusting personality to the standards set by society? Would not such a "cure" make a person "well" according to the wishes of the doctor-chemist or make him "well" by making him non-human? I don't know. Perhaps not. Perhaps Dr. Pauling's research will lead to the blessing which Mr. Marine thinks that it will be. But, after reading the article, I found the Brave New World much too close for comfort, and I suggest we be more concerned with evaluating and less concerned with tranquilizing.

GENE MORNELL

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Canary Did It

Dear Sirs: After reading David Cort's article, The Bigger They Are the Harder They Bawl (*The Nation,* May 18) my life will never be the same. One of my weaknesses was the advertisements for Coca Cola, with happy young people enjoying the "Pause That Refreshes," and for the red ripe tomatoes, crisp celery, green beans that snapped, yellow carrots and heads of cabbage that were the SELECTED ingredients of canned soup. I never read the articles—just the advertisements. But credulity was shaken when one ad claimed that a canary bird, fed only French's Bird Seed, had saved a whole family from destruction by rousing it when the house caught fire.

I do thank Mr. Cort for getting some sense into my head.

JAMES J. CORBETT

Detroit, Mich.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

489 ●

ARTICLES

491 ● Formosa: the Dream Dissolves
by O. EDMUND CLUBB

493 ● Texas, Textiles and Tokyo
by HARRY GOLDEN

495 ● He Wanted to be Fired
by ALEXANDER WERTH

496 ● Gearing Democracy to Bigness
by MICHAEL REAGAN

499 ● The Heretic's Coat
by BERTOLT BRECHT

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

502 ● The Millennium of Henry Miller
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

503 ● Buckboard to Model T
by JACOB KORG

503 ● A Charm To Be Whispered (poem)
by HILARY CORKE

504 ● Satire Without Malice
by KEITH HUTCHISON

504 ● The Savage Flutes (poem)
by KATHERINE G. CHAPIN

505 ● The Tools of Society
by CARL DREHER

506 ● Art
by MAURICE GROSSER

507 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 508)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Hayride Is Over

In season and out, for nearly a decade, *The Nation* has insisted, often to the annoyance of its readers, that Chiang Kai-shek was one of history's most successful confidence men who, with the aid of the China Lobby and its spokesmen in Washington, was taking the American people on a hayride that could only end, where Chiang's adventures always end, in defeat and bankruptcy—for everyone, that is, but the Generalissimo himself. O. E. Clubb's piece in this issue (p. 491) points to the debacle that now threatens to engulf the policy foisted on Washington by the China Lobby with the assistance of Admiral Radford, Senators Knowland and Bridges, Walter S. Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, and other friends of Chiang.

Not unexpectedly, the Nationalists at first suggested that the disastrous Taipei riots were the result of Communist instigation; proof of this, we were told, would soon be forthcoming. But then the tone changed and Taipei reported that the riots were "spontaneous"—regrettable, unfortunate, but essentially a flare-up of only passing significance. Can the reason for this sudden shift be that, for once, a Formosan report of Communist plotting might have a grain of truth? That the riots were to some degree organized is clear; if not by Chiang—and it is unthinkable that this buccaneer would endanger the source of his booty—then by other elements in the Nationalist set-up. Could these other elements be, if not agents of the mainland Chinese, then some of Chiang's assistants who hope to preside, some day soon, at the "liberation" of Formosa through a bloodless coup that would see Chiang fleeing on an American destroyer for a rendezvous in Hawaii with Messrs. Radford-Knowland-Bridges-Robertson?

The mainland Chinese can be relied upon to exploit to the fullest degree the opportunity which is now theirs, not only in Formosa but in South Korea and Japan. Fortunately, the American people, like kittens opening their eyes on the ninth day, should now be able to see the bankruptcy of the China policy which Washington has pursued since 1949, when the old China hands were driven from the State Department and our own Nationalists took over. If reports of the President's angry reaction to the Taipei riots are accurate—they have an authentic ring to us—then American policy may soon be "liberated" from the dead hand of the China Lobby.

The First Little Steps

Washington

If all goes well, the negotiations in London may culminate within a year or two in a treaty with Russia for reduction and inspection of military establishments. As matters now stand, such a pact would have four major weaknesses:

1. It would provide for no curtailment whatever of nuclear arms.

2. The nation with the largest army of them all—China—would not be a partner because the United States refuses to sign an accord with the Chinese Communists.

3. The trial zone of inspection would be limited to Alaska, a thin strip of northwestern Canada, the Bering Straits and a segment of Siberia. Under such an arrangement, there might be foolproof inspection of polar bears, while Europe, which both sides have packed to overflowing with military installations and troops, would be ignored.

4. Even conventional weapons—aircraft, warships, tanks and guns—would be cut only by 10 to 15 per cent, or by numbers corresponding to some

TO *NATION* SUBSCRIBERS

In line with a growing trend among national magazines, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks during July and August. It will be published as follows: July 6, July 20, August 3, August 17, August 31.

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such percentage. Reduction of manpower and military budgets would also be small.

All sensible Americans and the overwhelming mass of peoples everywhere would welcome an agreement even with such grave defects. We're sorry if Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a few like-minded militarists are going to stay in the corner and sulk. Mr. Eisenhower has done the only reasonable thing by overruling Radford's petulant verdict that "one can't trust the Russians on a disarmament agreement, or anything." Radford must know that if the treaty is born, it will bristle with safeguards for both sides.

The five-nation disarmament subcommittee in London last week resumed its discussions after a ten-day recess. The American delegate, Harold Stassen, used the recess period to good advantage in Washington. He persuaded influential waverers in the Administration and in Congress that the Russians now seem to be very much in earnest and that after eleven postwar years of evasion, shadow-sparring, duplicity and futility on both sides, a small, partial agreement has moved into the realm of the possible. Mr. Stassen gave the President and others four indications that the Soviets mean business:

First, on April 26, for the first time, Soviet delegate Valerian Zorin stated specifically that the Russians are ready to negotiate an agreement for *partial* disarmament.

Second, Mr. Zorin dropped two proposals which the United States, Britain, France and Canada (the other subcommittee members) had rejected. One of these was the demand for complete elimination of nuclear weapons.

Third, the Russians renounced their insistence that the United States abandon its foreign bases as a condition for an arms-reduction pact.

Fourth, and most significant, the Russians for the first time offered to throw open to international aerial inspection a large area of Soviet territory. This was quite a departure from Nikita Khrushchev's denunciation of Mr. Eisenhower's July, 1955, open-sky proposal as a palpable espionage device.

On at least one issue the United States will be under world-wide pressure—and in time also under pressure at home—to countermand its attitude on Communist China's participation in the proposed treaty. The American position hardly can stand scrutiny. On the one hand, Washington wants nothing to do with Red China because its rulers are an aggressive bunch; on the other, this country refuses to let Peking join as a charter member in a pact designed to lessen—however slightly—the means for committing aggression.

We believe the President and Harold Stassen are right in their view that a first little step could clear the road for broader agreements later.

The Itch to Investigate

At long last Congress may cure itself of the itch to investigate. For it has come up finally with a truly important subject matter: the fall-out peril from nuclear explosions. As the Joint Atomic Energy subcommittee assembled in the huge marble-pillared Senate caucus room, where such stellar performers as Genera Douglas MacArthur, Roy Cohn and Dave Beck hav testified, the committee members, like enrollees in a hig school night course, were given a nine-page glossa explaining such terms as *alleles, keloid, meiosis* an *polidy,* and then told to listen as professors—that is, eggheads—standing before blackboards lectured them on nuclear physics. Could anything be more appropriate than this strange scene? For years, now, Congressional committees have been "informing" the public on a variety of subjects, including such stoppers as, "Is Dave Beck, a Regent of the University of Washington, really interested in higher education?" Now Congress has elected to use the power of investigation to inform itself. This, after all, is the basic justification of the power.

As might be expected, the Joint Committee is learning all sorts of things which, in due course, will be reported to the Congress. For example, it has learned that particles of cancer-producing strontium 90 released by H-bomb blasts tend to concentrate in the more densely-populated Northern temperate latitudes where most Congressmen reside. As a journal dedicated to adult self-education, *The Nation* applauds the determination of Congress to inform itself about the consequences of its own actions.

Secret Virtues of Uncle Sam

Washington

The other day we caught the United States government performing acts of decency in secret. That isn't like Uncle Sam, John Bull, Marianne, Uncle Ivan o any of their colleagues. It is very much less like John Foster Dulles.

One day last month the Chargé d'Affaires at th American Embassy in Manila, Horace C. Smith, wen to see President Garcia of the Philippines. The Unite States Government, Mr. Smith said, was asking pe mission to hoist the Philippine flag alongside the Sta and Stripes at all our thirty-odd military bases in th islands. President Garcia was delighted. For six years the Philippine government had been pressing for this symbolic recognition of Philippine independence and sovereignty.

At about the same time, we learned, Washington had ordered equivalent action in Japan; the Rising Sun is to flutter from flagpoles at all our bases there. It was a small but important and sensible gesture. In 1951 the United States fathered a generous peace treaty for

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to abhor the dependent status and "puppet" regimes.

The Taipei incident is to be interpreted in the light of that dominating factor of Asian nationalism. Regardless of the immediate occasion, and regardless as well of any concealed schemes, the riot patently was able to draw heavily upon an overflowing reservoir of popular resentment. The rioters' wrath may have been directed in the first instance against the American exercise of extraterritorial jurisdiction—a sore subject for any Asian—but it was almost certainly in addition a manifestation of the "deep anti-American sentiment" that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Foreign Minister and his Ambassador to Washington have all denied existed. In the Nationalist camp, anti-Americanism has fed upon a growing sense of frustration at our failure to return them to power on the mainland.

As a political faction, the right-wing Nationalists were prepared to accept American aid to attain *their* ends. But as Chinese, they will not be content to continue indefinitely in a position dependent upon us.

It is within this framework that our East Asia policy must be viewed. Communist China, despite manifest difficulties, is evolving into a world power. It has recently exerted influence even as regards developments in Eastern Europe, and as a leading protagonist of Asian nationalism has expressed its concern in respect to the Middle Eastern crisis. Negotiations are currently in progress in Paris between ourselves, who want to maintain a tight economic embargo against China, and the representatives of fourteen friendly nations—most of whom now demand that the existing restrictions be relaxed. The issue of China's representation in the United Nations, barred even from debate heretofore, begins to press down upon us with a force that is becoming irresistible. The convergence of events is making it increasingly difficult to continue to evade these issues. The whole question of the future status of Formosa thus threatens to advance into the foreground at a time when the United States is still unready to deal with it.

This is the situation, and these are the problems. A Micawberish attitude of waiting in the hope that "something will turn up" is no solution, for in the present circumstances time alone will not cure, but only bring a further deterioration. The events in Taipei have dispelled a myth and simultaneously laid bare the reality: the people of Formosa are Chinese—not American even by adoptive processes—and will eventually strive to go their own way.

Self-deception has been the crutch for our Formosa policy. But that device will serve us no longer, for we are at long last undeceived. We can now see the problem clearly enough. It is how to provide for the future of Formosa and adjust our stance vis-a-vis China. We can even see that since our allies will not accept our present doctrine, we shall be compelled to make concessions to their thinking and join Japan, India and British Commonwealth countries on this issue. The recent events in Taipei emphasize a critical factor: time has run out on our special position in Formosa.

TEXAS, TEXTILES and TOKYO . . *by Harry Golden*

Charlotte, North Carolina

FROM President Eisenhower's first inauguration in 1953 to the close of business as of March 31, 1957, eighty-seven Southern textile mills, involving approximately 35,000 textile workers, have closed their doors. In North Carolina alone, from January 1, 1956, to March 31, 1957, twelve plants were liquidated, involving 3,190 employees; and in South Carolina five plants employing 2,090 workers were closed down.

What happens to the mill workers? They live on unemployment compensation until it expires; afterwards the young ones move on to seek work in other mill towns. But the old folks, many of whom are paying for homes, cannot move. In the shutdown Kendall Mills of Charlotte, dozens of employees were thrown out of work who had only two or three years to go before retirement. The same was true in the closing of the giant Darlington (S.C.) Manufacturing Company.

Even this does not reflect the full seriousness of the textile situation. There have been many mergers which cannot be called "liquidations," but which, in many instances, have had the same effect on large bodies of mill workers. A sales manager, covering the textile industry, told me that in 1945 he had 176 "prospects" to call on in Gastonia, North Carolina. Today there are only eighty-one separate "boss-men."

True, the textile industry has always been a small-profit industry as compared with steel, automobiles, oil and chemicals. Often the margin between success and failure has depended on the business of a single year; occasionally, on a single order. In no other large industry are the factory hands so involved in the day-to-day events of their front office. "It looks like we'll work only three days for a while, Montgomery Ward cut its order one-half," or "Did you hear of the J. C. Penney order *we* got yesterday?" These are the comments that form part of the Saturday night discussion in every mill home in the South.

The lower wage scale of the South has not helped the textile industry at all; on the contrary, it has encouraged what is known as the "quick operation." Often machinery

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HARRY GOLDEN, editor of the Carolina Israelite, *is a veteran observer of the Southern scene.*

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is not replaced over the years; the project, in many instances, becomes nothing more than a "milking" process. The first setback—the "threat" of a union contract, or Japanese imports, or over-production—and the owners call "quits." This "corrupting" influence spreads throughout the industry. Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine tried hard to keep certain mills open in her state. She introduced a bill which would authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to sell surplus raw cotton in storage to American textile mills at such prices as they could afford to pay. But when the Smith bill could make no headway, Lester A. Martin, owner of the mills, turned to the labor unions: "All we want is temporary relief—an 8½-cent per hour wage cut. *We are only asking for equalization of wages with those in the South to stay in business as long as we can.* We want our spindles in Maine to stay in competition as long as we can." The union refused the cut and two mills closed down.

Over-production has also played its part in the situation.In some mills today there are warehouses covering acres of ground filled with gray goods, flannels and velveteens. Perhaps more important is the increased use of synthetics. In a few manufactures, synthetics have taken over entirely: men's caps, for instance, are nearly all made of synthetics, and an excellent product, too.

WHEN the owner closed the big Darlington (S.C.) Manufacturing Company, he gave as the reason his disputation of the validity of his workers' majority vote in favor of the Textile Union. Other manufacturers, too, have alleged that the "threat" of unionism has forced them to give up business. Actually, unionization is the most negligible factor of all in the situation. *Of the eighty-seven plants closed in the South since Jan. 1, 1953, only nineteen had union contracts and only four others were in the process of being "organized."* Unionization is a pretext, not a reason, for what is happening to the South's textile industry.

Of all these factors, the most widely discussed is the disastrous effect on the textile industry of Japanese imports. You can go into any of the large five-and-ten-cent stores and for 69 cents buy a Japanese-made blouse which cannot be duplicated by American industry for less than $1.98. Nor does the $1.98 American garment compare at all favorably with the Japanese job in workmanship and stitching, to say nothing of the pearl buttons.

In discussing this problem, government officials point out that Japanese imports represent only 2 per cent of the total United States production. This is true, but the Japanese, concentrating on certain segments of the industry, now control over 30 per cent of our blouse market and 20 per cent of the velveteen and gingham markets. Thus

the "only 2 per cent" statement is utterly misleading. Last year, for example, Japan sent us nearly 200,000,000 square yards of cloth, not counting finished garments (which included 1,500,000 dozen shirts).

Everybody in the industrial South has been talking about these Japanese imports; every major newspaper has written editorials and feature stories on the subject. Every textile manufacturer—most of whom went all-out to elect President Eisenhower—has expressed indignation at the Administration's stubborn support of Japanese imports as a matter of policy. But nothing they say makes any impression on Washington. To tell the truth, both sides have been less than frank about the whole matter. The big cotton growers of Texas *also* helped the Republicans—and this controversy is not really one of "Textile Industry versus Administration," but of "Textile Industry versus Cotton Growers." It is a family fight—strictly among Southerners. Fellows down in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama and Georgia are making a lot of money selling cotton to Japan. But that is not all. The big cotton growers are not only permitted to sell to Japan at prices lower than the fixed American market, but their surpluses have been sold at these "export" prices in the *domestic* market. The excuse? Alleged "cancellations" from abroad.

Now it would be foolish to deny that Japanese imports have hurt the American manufacturer, but what should be of greater concern is that all through this highly controversial matter no one has mentioned the key word—*China.* Senator Ervin (North Carolina) made several speeches on the Senate floor about these Japanese imports. During a local Congressional campaign, the Democratic candidate accused the Republicans of hurting the Carolina textile industry with these Japanese imports; his successful opponent, Republican Congressman Jonas, went to the White House and brought back an official statement from the President to the effect that "limits" would now be provided in the form of new federal "controls" over them. The big point is that no one, from manufacturer to President, has discussed this problem with any degree of maturity—i.e., in terms of cotton *exports* and *China.* In 1937, for instance, Japan sent 64 per cent of its manufactured textiles to Manchuria, Korea and the China mainland. Now we have ordered Japan not to trade with Red China—and in order to make it financially possible for Japan to obey the order, we are giving the Japanese textile industry a subsidy out of our Southern industrial pocket.

Clearly, it is in the name of national defense that scores of textile plants in the South are being forced to shut down and thousands of workers are being thrown out of work. But, then, why doesn't Washington admit this openly, so that the American voters can weigh the benefits—and the price?

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HE WANTED TO BE FIRED . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

THAT LANKY, bossy schoolmaster had become such a permanent fixture here that even long after the critical debate opened, there were many who still thought the National Assembly wouldn't have the heart to overthrow him. But Mollet was overthrown, all the same—by that ungrateful crowd of right-wing deputies to whom he had given so much satisfaction during the last sixteen months. They had all cheered their heads off over his Suez policy, and had heartily approved of his policy in Algeria. But now that the time had come to pay the bill—which included $420,000,000 in new taxes—they ratted on him.

The truth is that Mollet *wanted* to be overthrown. He had got his government in a fix. And, what is more, he wanted it to be quite clear that he had been overthrown by the Right; that is why, in his final speech preceding the vote, he made practically none of those concessions the Right had been hoping from him, and which would have given them an excuse at least to abstain—and so save him. And, to crown it all, he suddenly reminded the National Assembly that he (Mollet) was the leader of the French Socialist Party—a party, he emphasized, which believed in both Social Progress and in the greatness of France and the French Union.

And, at the back of Mollet's mind, there was the conviction that, whatever else happened, no new government could do without the 100 Socialist votes in the present parliament. Nor was a new government likely to last long, unless Mollet was a member of it.

WHAT Mollet's fall really amounts to is that he would like somebody else to take responsibility for cleaning up the financial mess, while "Molletism" in the international and colonial fields should continue.

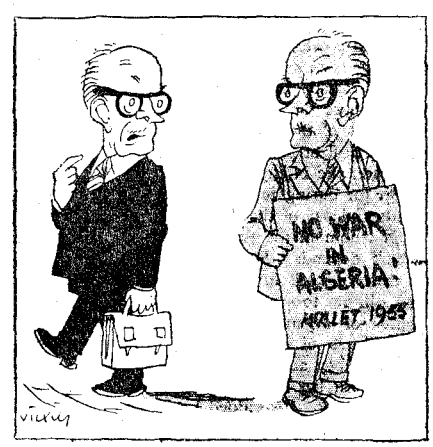
Although public opinion in France is less enthusiastic about the Algerian war than it was a year or even six months ago, the number of voices in favor of starting negotiations with the rebels in all seriousness is still relatively small. Molletism, or (as it has been aptly called) National Molletism, is still with us in France, whether Mollet himself is at the head of the government or not. It is perhaps the most significant of all ideological developments in Western Europe during the last ten years. Far be it from me to suggest that it is the same as German National Socialism or Italian Fascism, but it has one thing in common with them: it is a reaction against a nation-wide feeling of frustration. Just as Hitler exploited the "humiliation" of Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, and Mussolini exploited the feeling that Italy had been cheated of the fruits of victory by the 1919 peacemakers, so Molletism represents a reaction against the national humiliation of 1940, against the back-seat treatment given to France in international affairs since 1944 and, above all, against the defeat in Indo-China in 1954 and the subsequent "surrenders" in Tunisia and Morocco. Mollet fought his election campaign under the slogan: "Put an end to this senseless Algerian war"; but National Molletism was really born at Algiers on February 6, 1956, when Mollet eagerly surrendered to the outcry of the French in Algeria that they "must not be abandoned" and that Algeria was "the last trench of France's greatness."

This "surrender" was welcomed by public opinion in France, and Mollet felt that he had become a national leader of the first magnitude. He was glad to see the last of "defeatist" Mendès-France (who resigned from his government in May), and when there were a few timid protests against his Algerian policy inside the French Socialist Party, he ignored them or else tried to appease them with vague assurances that "pacification" in Algeria was getting on splendidly.

It was Mollet who embarked on the Suez adventure—and he did so, as he cleverly reminded the Assembly, with the fullest approval of parliament, the greatest part of which clung to the idea that "knocking Nasser on the head" was the remedy for all France's ills.

Except for the Communists (who by this time, however, had all the trouble in the world to try to explain away Budapest) and a few intellectuals, nobody in France objected to the Suez adventure, and even all the old Jew-baiters became passionate supporters of Israel! If Suez failed, it was, as another French Socialist, Foreign Minister Pineau, explained, chiefly the fault of the British Labor Party.

MOLLET hasn't an attractive personality; and yet he is strangely representative of some fundamental French moods; that is why he stayed in office longer than any other French premier in the last twenty-five years, and that is why I am convinced he has not gone for good. He will leave it to others to deal with the financial mess, but he still stands for French greatness, and also for "Europe"—common market, Euratom and all. Thus this strange Socialist has far more support than is suggested by the vote which overthrew him. The only optimistic comment made (by *Combat*) in connection with the present crisis is that "since every such crisis is accompanied by some hard thinking and stock-taking, perhaps a few new ideas on Algeria will crop up in the process." Is it wishful thinking?



"You Socialist, you!"

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's *Paris correspondent, is the author of* France: 1940-1955.

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GEARING DEMOCRACY to BIGNESS

Michael Reagan

DEMOCRATIC politics in America is less in need of preservation than of re-creation. An economic base of small-scale farms and an industrialism of individual entrepreneurs in face-to-face contact with independent artisans sustained democracy in the nineteenth century. But that base has long since been displaced by the bigness and interdependence of mass organization in both the economy and government. *Industrial* relations are typically those of a managerial élite governing thousands of workers who know neither the boss nor their fellow workmen, and who have no participative responsibilities beyond their immediate jobs; *political* relations are typically those between leaders at the top and the rest of us, who are not participants in decision-making so much as subjects to be persuaded of the rightness of the decisions taken.

Our political system has grown in size and complexity along with the economic system, but unlike production technology and business management, government has grown haphazardly and without basic adjustment to the new forces of our times. Mass-production technology has revolutionized the economic system, while the political framework in which it is contained continues in much the same institutional and ideological patterns as prevailed a half-century ago. Despite the present concentrations of social power produced by economic giantism, we still pretend that regular, frequent elections are a sufficient structure for a viable democracy. We still pretend that economics and politics are separate; and while much ranting is heard concerning the "intrusions" of politics into the economy, little attention is paid to the impact of twentieth-century corporate industrialism upon our eighteenth-century political system. Increasingly, the democratic elements in our social system are becoming isolated, impotent segments in a world of large, hierarchically organized, institutionally unaccountable organisms.

Nowhere is the gap between economic change and political stagnation more evident than in our continued adherence to the rhetoric of anti-trust. In 1890, when Senator Sherman's bill was passed, one could entertain seriously, perhaps, the thought that giantism was still new enough to be stopped. In 1957, to think that the big ones can ever be broken up sufficiently to re-create the power-diffused economy of pure competition is but a dream. The high technology, mass-production orientation of our system simply doesn't permit the number of firms and the smallness of each which a self-regulating economy presupposes. The most vigorous anti-trust program imaginable could offer no more than a slight—and temporary—easing of the present centralization of economic power.

SO THE problem of bigness is with us to stay. Since we can't live without it—and maintain the standards of economic welfare to which we aspire—we had better find some way to take the curse off of bigness and learn to live with it. Time spent exhorting the Department of Justice to "bust 'em up," and exhorting the public to support such a drive, is time wasted.

What is needed instead is hard thought about how we can control what Mr. Dooley called the "heejoous monsthers" to ensure that they serve our ends, not we theirs. The first step would be to devise criteria for separating those enterprises which, because of their power, require public supervision from those whose impact on economic activity is so slight as to make it safe to leave them alone. Obviously, we don't want to attempt public control of every frozen-custard stand in the land. At the other extreme, the need for some public accountability for those decisions of General Motors or U. S. Steel which may affect the livelihood of millions (their investment plans, or G.M.'s tax ultimatum to the state of Michigan, for example) should also be manifest to democrats. But where to draw the line?

The American Institute of Management has suggested that a firm be considered "too big" when its sales volume equals one per cent of Gross National Product. With G.N.P. at 400 billion dollars, however, this is probably too restrictive a category; it would permit many firms having a substantial impact on the economy to escape control. Another easy standard would be regulation of the billion-dollar firms (in assets or sales); but here, too, the same objection would apply.

THE country's top 100 manufacturing firms, which in 1950 accounted for 33.3 per cent of the total value of manufactured products, and whose control over employment and wage patterns is commensurable with their share in production, constitute a more promising group. The top 100 of *all* corporations, whether manufacturing or no, constitutes a group whose combined impact on the economy is sufficiently great to make control over them a crucial lever over the activities of the rest. Typically, the giants are firms with self-administered (rather than market-regulated) prices and administered profits (G.M. aims at an after-tax profit of 15 to 20 per cent on invested capital, and for the past eight years has averaged over 25 per cent). They are able to finance much or all of their expansion internally, thus escaping the test of the capital market. And they are the determiners of the fate of countless suppliers and dealers. As leaders in a highly interdependent system, their failure could not be permitted by governments responsible for full employment. For this reason they represent little or no element of capitalist risk, and so a strong argument exists for the imposition of a trusteeship concept to their operations.

The trusteeship in mind here, however, is not the one, dear to the hearts of managerial spokesmen, which rests on a self-imposed ethic

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permitting management to remain judge in its own cause. Rather it is one which makes management accountable to the people of the United States, for whose welfare our economic institutions supposedly exist. Just what form this accountability might take, and which functions of the giants would require public participation, are questions whose answers require certain additional information, as suggested by the following queries:

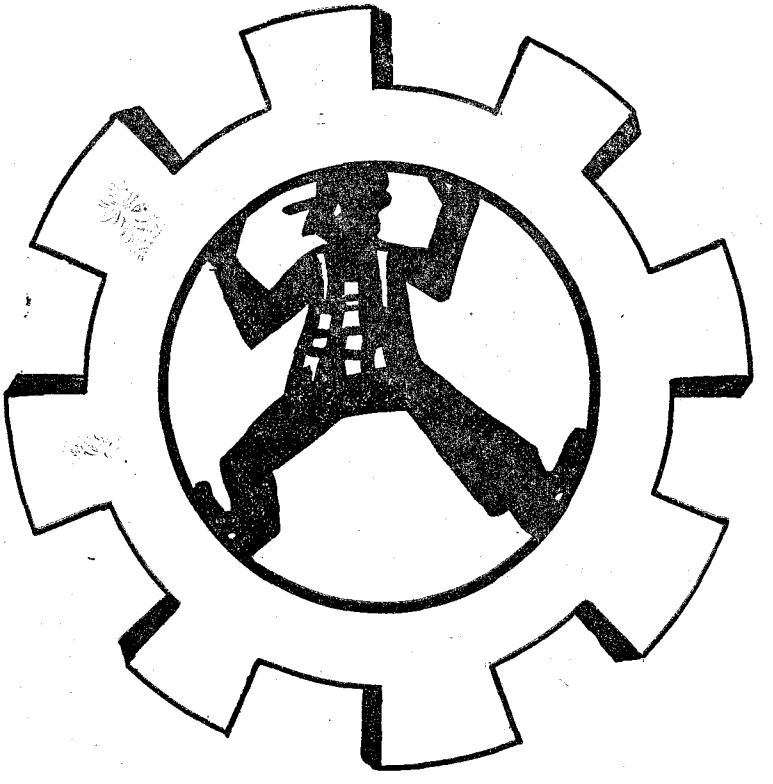
1. Which base for regulation—federal chartering, public ownership, regulatory commission, or labor and public co-determination—offers the best means of channeling the power of the giants to public ends?

2. Is control over the rate and direction of investment sufficient for purposes of economic stabilization, or is it also necessary to regulate the proportions of expenditures as between wages and stockholder dividends? (And if wage rates are a crucial factor, what accountability needs to be imposed upon unions as well as upon corporations?)

3. Even in a system which accepts bigness under administrative controls, is there a useful though limited function for the anti-trust approach in limiting each firm to the size at which maximum technical efficiency is attained? Can such size be determined, or is the pace of technological change too rapid to make determination feasible?

4. Once adequate control devices are available, should *combination* rather than *competition* be encouraged in lines where the product is simple and standard, such as soap, salt, sugar or matches? As things stand now, the consumer pays a heavy advertising tax to support the competition among producers of dozens of basically identical detergents. Might we not be better served by non-competitive production in such cases, thus avoiding the tax? And think of the by-product benefits: no soap advertising, no soap operas!

5. Does bigness reach a point of diminishing returns, after which the producer or distributor gets out of touch with the people whom he claims to be serving? Can we determine what that point is for each major industry? That this may have already happened is indicated in at least two instances. One was the apparent failure of Detroit to recognize the potential demand for a light, maneuverable automobile until foreign imports had led the way. (Or did Detroit see the possibility, but simply hope it could be ignored in the interest of avoiding the extensive innovations involved?) Another is the situation of mass magazines. Originally designed for upper middle-class tastes, the periodicals whose circulations have reached four or five million may so have diluted their level of content as no longer to appeal to the original market.



6. Can a suitable institutional mechanism be devised for allocating scarce materials in such a way that the criterion of public benefit, rather than of private profit, is applied to avoid situations in which houses and schools go unbuilt while less essential items using the same materials abound?

7. How big a slice of industry needs to be included to operate a system of key-point controls? What indices of measurement are available for determining the impact of firms or industrial groups upon the total operation of the economy?

These questions make no attempt at completeness; they are intended merely to suggest some of the areas where knowledge might give us a basis for a policy compatible with present economic realities. The biggest questions of all, of course, are those most obfuscated by ideological nonsense and public-relations propaganda: i.e., what ends, and whose, does our economic system now serve? What ends do we, the whole people, want that system to serve? As Joan Robinson put it recently, is industry "a field for adventure" in which the needs of the consumer are "an incidental by-product of the sport"? Or "do we regard meeting the needs of the nation as the prime end and purpose and think of industry as a kind of public service?"

Quite a different facet of the problem of bigness is management's inevitable orientation toward its workers as producers of goods rather than as people with aspirations of their own. Frank Abrams, president of Jersey Standard, has said that "Modern management might well measure its success or failure as a profession in large part by the satisfactions it is able to produce for its employees." Given the existing structure of the system, however, we may doubt whether even the firm Abrams heads places this criterion

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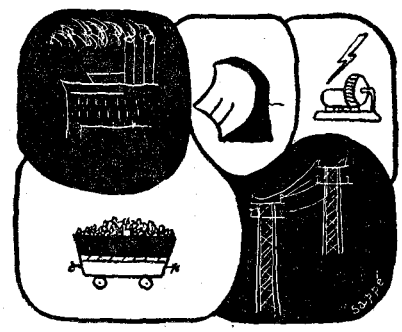
ahead of productivity in cases where the two interests diverge. David Lilienthal has gone further than Abrams, arguing in *Big Business* that the purpose of America's economic system *is* to promote freedom for the individual. This sounds fine—until Mr. Lilienthal explains that freedom to choose one's job, one's goods and one's investments is "the mark of men who are as free as in society it is possible for men to be." The nature of one's life on the job is apparently unimportant—(not to mention the author's neglect to mention the non-economic freedoms).

The problems which neither Abrams, Lilienthal nor *Fortune* magazine (which emphasizes the social responsibilities of "welfare capitalism") face squarely are those involved in giving the worker a sense of accomplishment on the job, and of letting him share in the organization in which he spends the best of his waking hours. In a recent study of management ideologies,* Reinhold Bendix makes it clear that a sense of accomplishment is now more likely to be a product of a worker's leisure-time activities than of his job. And Mr. Bendix demonstrates that the aim of managerial ideology in both American and totalitarian cultures is to prove "why managers need considerable freedom for themselves and substantial obedience from others." It is in the discretion of the managers, exercising hierarchic authority, to decide how much the production and profit goals can be reconciled with the employee's search for personal expression and growth. But this authority is neither selected by, nor accountable to, the employees; indeed, since the separation of management from control, it is not even accountable in practice to the shareholder-owners of large corporations.

Again, the source of the problem is bigness, for as the size of an organization increases, it is necessary to increase proportionately the degree of "specialization" within the firm. Specialization produces in turn a corresponding need for coordination of the manifold specialties; and the coordinators constitute a hierarchy of command from foreman through middle management to top executive. Life for the participant at any level in such a bureaucratic structure is one of subordination to organizational compulsions.

As these units become increasingly typical of our economic organization, the political question becomes



ever more pressing: how much of our lives can we spend in authoritarian relationships of command and subordination without destroying our ability to participate, in a creative sense, in political life? Can we call our society democratic when democracy—which means participation on a basis of equality in the making of decisions affecting our search for the good life—is restricted to the formal political process? In nineteenth-century America, the social structure was more equalitarian because the simpler economic system of that time did not have the range of status gradations characteristic of large organizations today. In the relative absence today of social structures which make democracy a part of our daily lives, the survival of political democracy itself may be a questionable proposition.

To make hierarchic rule compatible with democracy, those subject to controls from above must have a voice in the selection of the controllers and—this is even more essential—in setting at least the broad goals of the organization for which they labor. How to achieve this control is perhaps the Number One social and political problem of industrial democracy.

Consumer councils or consumer representatives, financially supported by sources beyond the control of the organizations with whose decisions they will be concerned, are one possibility. Ample precedents exist for such a scheme. Many World War II regulatory boards had public members, and a system of consumer representation was employed under NRA. Some states have established consumers' advisory councils. While none of the arrangements tried so far has been completely successful, further experimentation merits encouragement. One major difficulty, to which no solution is immediately apparent, is that such groups lack the power of sanctions.

Another avenue toward greater democratic control in industry might be a combination of worker and consumer representation on boards of directors or in the managerial group. Here the problem, aside from the vehement resistance which might be expected from the defenders of "managerial prerogatives," would be how to ensure that the representatives retain their loyalties toward their non-managerial constituencies. The West German experience with co-determination suggests that this is a hard nut to crack.

THE QUESTION of the ends to be served by our economic system is crucial here, also. We must go beyond Joan Robinson's statement of alternatives to ask whether even production for use is not too limited a goal; perhaps the goal should be defined more broadly as providing the material bases of the good life within the bounds of processes compatible with the greatest possible personal freedom. Do we want to increase production at any cost, or would a less than optimum rate be preferable where this would achieve an increase in the freedom of the workers? Because of the "overstructuring" of our economic activities, neatly sketched by Robert Lynd in his book, *Knowledge for What?*, we have been applying exclusively material criteria to the evaluation of our economic system. A broadening of the standard is essential if we are not to make of ourselves a nation of contented cows.

* *Work and Authority in Industry: Ideologies of Management in the Course of Industrialization.* (Wiley, 1956). A fascinating study of management ideology in nineteenth-century Britain and Russia and in twentieth-century America and East Germany.

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A SHORT STORY

THE HERETIC'S COAT . . *by Bertolt Brecht*

[*This is the first publication in English of a short story by the late Bertolt Brecht, noted German poet and playwright, author of* Mother Courage, The Threepenny Opera *and other works well known in this country. The story, in the original German, appears in the* Gebrueder Weiss Verlag (*Berlin*) *edition of Brecht's* Kalendergeschichten.—*Editors.*]

Translated by HELMUT W. BONHEIM

GIORDANO BRUNO, the man of Nola, was burned at the stake in 1600 by order of the Roman Inquisition. He is generally considered a great man—not only for his daring hypotheses on the motion of the planets (since proven to be true) but also for the courage he showed before the Inquisition. To the Inquisition he said: "You pass your sentence on me with perhaps greater fear than I have in receiving it." And a glance at his writings and at the reports of his public appearances makes it impossible to doubt his greatness. But another story may increase our respect for him even more.

It is the story of his coat.

First we must learn how he fell into the hands of the Inquisition.

A Venetian, a patrician by the name of Mocenigo, invited the learned man into his house, asking to be taught physics and skills of memory. For a few months Mocenigo accepted the stipulated lessons as payment for his hospitality. But he was tutored in physics instead of in the black magic he had hoped for. Physics seemed to him to be of no use at all: very dissatisfied, he regretted the expenses occasioned by his guest. Several times he earnestly urged the man of Nola to impart the secret and lucrative information which such a famous man must surely possess. When this did not help he sent a letter of denunciation to the Inquisition. He wrote that this evil and ungrateful man had, in his presence, spoken ill of Christ, said that the monks were asses and misled the people, and moreover he claimed that there existed, contrary to the teaching of the Bible, not just one sun but countless suns, etc., etc. He, Mocenigo, had therefore locked him into his attic and requested that the authorities fetch him as quickly as possible.

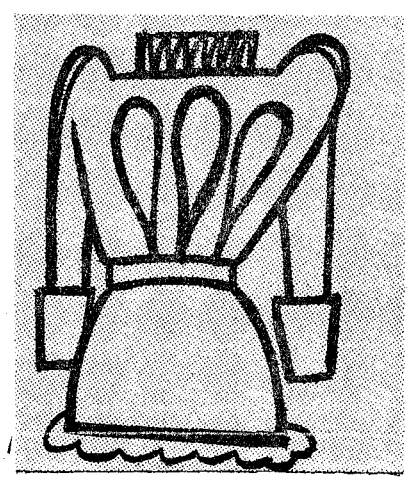
And so in the middle of the night between a Sunday and a Monday the authorities came to take the scholar to an Inquisition dungeon.

This was 3 o'clock, Monday, the 25th day of May, 1592. The terrible trial lasted for eight long years. Although he fought unceasingly for his life, the fight he conducted that first year in Venice against his extradition to Rome was, perhaps, the most frustrating part of the long difficult process.

In this period occurred the affair of his coat.

In the winter of 1592, while still living in a hotel, the man of Nola had a heavy coat fitted by a tailor, Gabriele Zunto. When he was arrested he had not yet paid for the coat.

Hearing of the arrest the tailor rushed to the house of Mocenigo in the neighborhood of St. Samuel to present his bill. It was too late. A servant of Mocenigo showed him to the door. "We have paid out enough for that swindler," he shouted so loudly from the doorstep that several passers-by looked around. "Perhaps you would care to run to the tribunal of the holy office and announce that you have business with this heretic."



Frightened, the tailor stood in the street. A group of alley-boys had heard it all and one of them, a bepimpled and ragged urchin, threw a stone at him. Although a meanly dressed woman emerged from a door and gave the boy a slap, Zunto, an old man, already felt the danger of "having business with this heretic." After glancing timidly about he ran around the corner and took a wide circuit home. He told his wife nothing of this ill fortune, and for a week she was puzzled by his depressed behavior.

BUT ON the first of June she made out the bills and discovered that payment was still due for the coat of a man whose name was on everybody's tongue, for the man of Nola was being talked about all over town. The most fearful rumors of his evil nature were noised about. He had not only dragged marriage through the mud in books as well as in conversation, but had even called Christ a charlatan and made the most insane statements about the sun. That he had not paid for his coat fitted in very well. The good woman was not in the least inclined to suffer this loss. After a violent quarrel with her husband, the seventy-year-old woman went to the building of the holy office in her Sunday best and, in great anger, demanded the 230 skudi which the arrested heretic owed her.

The official whom she addressed wrote down her demand and promised to look into the matter.

And soon Zunto received a summons; trembling and wobbling, he reported at the feared building. To his surprise he was not cross-examined. He was simply told that his demand would be considered in the settlement of the arrested man. To

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be sure, the official indicated that not much would come of it.

The old man was only too glad to come off so cheaply and he showed his gratitude most obsequiously. But his wife was not satisfied. It was not enough that her husband make good the loss by giving up his evening pint and stitching into the night. What about the debts to the cloth-merchant? She cried out in the kitchen and in the courtyard that it was scandalous to arrest a criminal before he had paid his debts. If need be she would go to the holy father in Rome to get her 230 skudi. "He won't need a coat to burn in!" she cried.

She told her father confessor what had happened. He advised her to request that at least the coat be released to her. Herein she saw the admission by a churchly authority that her claim was just and she declared she would in no way be satisfied with the coat, which had probably been worn already and besides had been made to measure. She had to have the money. As she waxed a bit loud in her zeal, the father threw her out. That brought her to reason a little and she was quiet for a few weeks. No further reports on the arrested heretic emerged from the palace of the Inquisition. Yet everywhere one heard it whispered that the examinations were bringing monstrously shameful deeds to light. The old woman kept her ears wide open for all such gossip. It tortured her to hear that the case of the heretic stood so badly. He would never be free and able to pay his debts.

SHE COULD not sleep a single night now, and in August, when the heat altogether ruined her nerves, she started to present her complaint with great loquacity where she shopped and to the customers who came for fittings. She pointed out that the fathers committed a sin if they so carelessly refused the justified demands of a minor workman. The taxes were oppressive and bread prices had just shot up again.

One morning an official summoned her to the building of the holy office, where she was sternly warned to give up her malicious chatter. She was asked if she were not ashamed to dirty a very serious and holy proceeding with her grumbling for a few skudi. She was given to understand that all manner of means were at hand for dealing with people of her sort.

This helped for a while, even though the thought of the phrase "for a few skudi" in the muzzle of the well-fed brother brought a flush of anger to her face. But in September it was heard that the head inquisitor in Rome had demanded the extradition of the man of Nola. The matter was being negotiated in the signory.

The citizenry briskly discussed this application for extradition, and feeling was generally against it. The guilds did not care to hear Roman judgments on themselves.

The old woman was beside herself. Did they really intend to let the heretic go to Rome before he had settled his debts? That was the limit. She had barely received the unbelievable news before she ran, without even taking time to change into a better skirt, to the palace of the holy office.

This time she was received by an official of higher rank and he proved strangely more conciliatory than the former officials had been. He was almost as old as she and quietly and attentively heard her complaint. After a slight pause when she had done, he asked if she wished to speak to Bruno.

She agreed immediately. A meeting was arranged for the next day.

On this morning, in a tiny room with barred windows, a lean man with a sparse dark beard approached her and courteously asked her what she desired.

She had seen him at the time of the fittings, and although she had remembered his face very well she did not recognize him immediately. The excitement of the examinations must have changed him.

She said hastily: "The coat. You never paid for it."

He looked at her for a few seconds in astonishment. Then he remembered and asked in a low voice: "What do I owe you?"

"Two-hundred-thirty skudi," said she. "You got the bill."

He turned to the large fat official who guarded the conference and asked him if he knew how much money was with his belongings in the building of the holy office. The man did not know, but he promised to find out.

"How is your husband?" asked the prisoner, turning again to the old woman as though the affair were now so ordered that normal relationships were again established, and the circumstances of an every-day visit created.

And the old woman, confused by the friendliness of the little man, mumbled that he was well and even added something about his rheumatism.

SHE WAITED two whole days before returning to the building of the holy office, for it seemed to her proper to leave the gentleman time to make inquiries.

She actually received permission to see him again. Admittedly she had to wait more than an hour in the tiny room with barred windows, for he was being examined.

He came and seemed quite exhausted. For lack of a chair to sit on, he leaned against the wall a little. Yet he spoke to the point at once.

With a weak voice he told her that he was unfortunately not in a position to pay for the coat. No money had been found with his belongings. Yet she did not need to give up all hope. He had thought about it and recollected that there must be money held for him by a man in Frankfurt who had printed books of his. He would write to him if granted permission and he would ask for the permission the next day. He had felt at the examination that day that they were not too well disposed toward him at the moment. So he did not wish to ask at once and thus possibly ruin all.

The old woman looked searchingly at him as he spoke. She knew the evasions and excuses of tardy debtors. They were devilishly concerned about their responsibilities, and when one came to grips with them they acted as though they were trying to move all heaven and earth.

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"What did you need a coat for if you had no money to pay for it?" she asked coldly.

The prisoner nodded to show her that he followed her line of thought. He answered:

"I had always earned something with my books and my teaching. So I thought I would earn something now. And I had expected to use the coat—I thought I would still be going about in the open air." This without a touch of bitterness, clearly so as not to owe her an answer.

Again the old woman inspected him from top to bottom, full of scorn; but feeling that she was getting nowhere with him, she turned without a word and ran out of the room.

"Who would send money to a man in the claws of the Inquisition?" she angrily declared to her husband when they lay in bed that night. He felt more comfortable about his relation to the holy office now, but did not care for his wife's tireless efforts to rake in their money.

"I guess he has other things to think about now," he grumbled.

She made no answer.

THE following months passed without any fresh news of the unpleasant affair. Early in January it went about that the signory was weighing the idea of bowing to the wish of the Pope and extraditing the heretic. And then a fresh summons to the building of the holy office was received by the Zuntos.

Since no particular time was specified, she went one afternoon. She came at an awkward moment. The prisoner was expecting a visit from the procurator of the republic, whom the signory had ordered to work out a report on the problem of extradition. She was received by the higher official who had arranged her first interview with the man of Nola. The old man told her that the prisoner had asked to speak to her but that she should consider if this time was a favorable one to choose, since the prisoner was about to enter into a highly important conference.

She said curtly that they only needed to ask him.

An official left and returned with the prisoner. The interview took place before the older official.

Before the man of Nola, who was already smiling at her from the door, could say a word, the old woman burst forth:

"Then why do you behave that way, if you really want to go about in the open air?"

The little man seemed puzzled for a moment. He had answered so many questions in that quarter-year that he hardly remembered the conclusion of his last interview with the tailor's wife.

"No money has come for me," he finally said; "although I wrote about it twice, it did not come. I wondered if you would take the coat back."

"I knew it would come to that," she said scornfully. "And it was made to measure and too small for most people."

The man of Nola looked at the woman in embarrassment.

"I did not think of that," he said, and turned to the holy man. "Could not all my belongings be sold and the money given these people?"

"That is not possible," put in the official who had fetched him, the big fat one. "Mocenigo lays claim to that. You lived for a long time at his expense."

"He invited me," the man of Nola replied wearily.

The older official raised his hand. "That is really out of place here. I think the coat should be returned."

"What am I to do with it?" said the old woman stubbornly.

The old man got a little red in the face. Slowly he said:

"My dear woman, a bit of Christian charity would not suit you ill. The accused waits an interview which may mean life or death to him. You can hardly expect that he concern himself greatly with your coat."

The old woman looked at him uncertainly. She suddenly remembered where she stood. She was thinking of leaving when she heard the prisoner behind her say in his low voice:

"I believe she can expect it."

And when she turned to him, he added: "You must excuse all this. In any case do not think that your loss is immaterial to me. I will submit a petition on the matter."

Upon a nod of the old man the big fat one left the room. Now he came back, spread out his arms and said: "The coat was not delivered with the other articles at all. Mocenigo must have kept it."

The man of Nola gave an obvious start. Then he firmly declared:

"That is not just. I will bring action against him."

The old man shook his head.

"Rather concern yourself with the interview that you must undertake in a few minutes. I cannot permit you to argue further here about a few skudi."

The blood streamed to the old woman's face. While the man of Nola spoke she had been silent, grumpily looking into a corner of the room. But now again her patience was stretched beyond bounds.

"A few skudi!" she cried. "That is a month's earnings! It is easy for you to be considerate. You suffer no loss!"

At that moment a tall monk stepped into the doorway.

In a monotone he said: "The procurator has come," and he cast a wondering look at the screaming old woman.

The big fat one took the man of Nola by the sleeve and led him out. The prisoner looked back at the woman over his narrow shoulder until he was led over the threshold. His lean face was very pale.

TROUBLED, the old woman descended the steps of the building. She did not know what to think. After all, the man was doing what he could.

A week later, when the big fat one delivered the coat, she did not go into the shop. But she listened at the door and heard the official say: "He has actually spent all his last days here bothering about the coat. Twice in between the hearings and interviews with the local authorities he submitted a petition, and several times demanded an interview with Nuntius on this matter. He fought it through. Mocenigo had to give up the coat. As a matter of fact, Bruno could have made good use of it, for he is being extradited and is to go to Rome this very week."

That was so. It was late January.

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The Millennium of Henry Miller

BIG SUR AND THE ORANGES OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH. By Henry Miller. New Directions. 404 pp. $6.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

THOUGH several of his most interesting books are still forbidden to Americans unskilled in bootlegging, Henry Miller is fast becoming institutionalized as the chief human landmark of Big Sur, California. Tourists take in Miller after doing Yosemite Valley and Hollywood. In addition, the artistically groping, the intellectually curious and the "insulted and injured" make pilgrimages unto him, often either to bear him the Word or to take it away. But one gathers from his latest book that he has not yet become an Elder Zossima, accessible to all comers. Your chances of being well received will improve if you speak French, offer salamis or rare volumes or legal tender, publicly belch or break wind, or show overt affection for children and dogs. If you do none of these things or if you arrive on the wrong day, you may, if received at all, be treated to a display of Mr. Miller's considerable talent for rudeness.

TO DO him credit, he did not settle in California some fifteen years ago to become a goal for pilgrims. Like other writers, he finds it important to be able to complain about the time visitors and correspondents take from his work, but the truth is that he has settled himself in something closely resembling an earthly paradise. Here he leads a vaguely Thoreauvian life, tries to be a good neighbor to the creative, self-reliant people who have come to live in the area out of motives very like his own, and—if we are to take his book at face value—cultivates a spirit of love and reconciliation within himself. It is also a spirit of anarcho-estheticism, with room in its large confines for the doctrines of Mary Baker Eddy as well as Joseph Delteil, for Christianity as well as paganism, for sentimentality as well as calculated toughness. That is to say, it is irrationally inclusive when it suits Miller to have it so. It would not be amiss, I think, to say that he emerges from this miscellaneous assemblage of notes, essays, yarns and portraits as the Billy Graham of the bohemian Left. In his present state of modified beatitude, he may indeed be *the* spokesman of the Diverted Revolution in America—a movement without banners, individualist and "personalist," mystically inclined toward a creed something like Schweitzer's "reverence for life" but rather more self-indulgent, nihilistic and averse to the concept of Duty. Some of the best portions of this book are given over to pictures of the men and women, the majority of them still quite young, who make up the ranks of this silent revolution. Miller's vision of human liberation and the problems accompanying it, and his criticisms of our mechanized money-civilization are also effectively restated. Like all great preachers, he seems immune to the boredom of ideas that are endlessly reiterated.

Of course, Miller's claims as a spiritual influence remain open to hilarious question. His qualifications for sainthood are his genuine intimacy with despair, his infinite candor and unconcern for appearances, and his conception of property as the subject matter of the science of panhandling. He has a vast capacity, too, for devotion to selected individuals, certain children, artists, and innocents especially, on whom his eye has happened to light under the right circumstances. The other side of the coin is revealed in his accounts of his relations with his penultimate wife, of his pitifully and shockingly short-lived effort to look after his children when she left him, and of his irritation with chance acquaintances for reasons of the grossest irrelevance. Yet the things that annoy us in Miller are frequently things true of ourselves also—and of a sort which shame and "self-respect" hardly permit us to admit to ourselves, let alone to the world. His freedom in communicating such matters is one of his true distinctions; he is sure that whatever he experiences is wonderfully meaningful and that if he recounts it with the right intensity it may even lead to everybody's salvation. If he is involved in some bit of sexual slobbery, if he brutally insults some passing victim, if he is subjected to some grotesque humiliation—why, *that's all right.* Others have been there before and since. And though he does not always employ them gainfully, he has the gift and energy for great understanding, and with it great compassion.

THESE qualities, it seems to me, account for Miller's devoted following far more than his special brand of spiritual unction, liberally spread as it is over so many of these pages. By their means the reader can see his own meannesses purged and his own possibilities glorified; in Miller's ego our peace, or something like that. We can discount the specifics of his preaching, including the constant reference to Hieronymus Bosch's triptych *The Millennium* and to Bosch's religious community, The Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit. (According to Wilhelm Fränger's *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch,* quoted by Miller, these people "called their devotional community-life 'Paradise' and interpreted the word as signifying the quintessence of love.") But there *is* something "millennial" in the thorough acceptance of the self, without pretense but without the loss of love and concern either, which Miller promulgates and which leads him into an uncritical enthusiasm for several varieties of "magical" and evangelical teaching.

In this book, as before, Miller is a brilliant portrait-sketcher and anecdotist. His pictures of friends and neighbors are magnificently sym-

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pathetic appreciations; almost always they include equally sympathetic appreciations of food and drink—one thinks of Wolfe, except that he lacked Miller's humor and anti-fastidiousness. These pictures, and the whole impression Miller is after in his interpretation of Big Sur, attempt to create some of the "hallucinating" reality, the "ambiance," he attributes to Bosch's oranges on the trees in the triptych. Bosch, we are told, "saw through the phenomenal world, rendered it transparent, and thus revealed its pristine aspect." Miller tries to do the same in his rendering of Big Sur as the embodiment of man's opportunity to make a paradise in this life and then to *maintain* it.

The most unified and sustained portion of the book, the story of Conrad Moricand's disastrous descent upon this West Coast paradise, is a perfect expression of Miller's moral perspectives, as well as one of his outstanding demonstrations of narrative skill. It provides a wonderful cinematic view of two indomitable egotists in deadly conflict. Both were utterly ruthless—the French astrologer in his determination to keep intact his whole self-destructive personality and pattern of life, Miller in his desire to "cure" his guest through sunshine and peace, combined with a generous immersion in custom-made, faith-healing propaganda. It was better than the Dempsey-Tunney fights—Kid Paradise vs. Psychosomatic Itch, with a great deal of dirty fighting by the latter if we are to believe everything we read here. Miller didn't convert Moricand, but he did help break him in the long run, all through the best of intentions. The Philosophy of the Handout was bitterly tested and its chief tenet—that help will always be forthcoming when at last we are in such desperate need that pride no longer inhibits us—was shown to have its limits. Dostoevski gives us more inclusive views of the problem, and it is doubtful that Miller has grasped some of the more fundamental lessons we might read into his story. Nevertheless, the account will remain a classic allegory of the dilemma of good will and the difficulties of reorienting modern man toward realization of what he can still do with the old planet if only he can make himself wise and subtle and—what is more important—simple enough.

Buckboard to Model T

THE TOWN. By William Faulkner. Random House. 371 pp. $3.95.

Jacob Korg

WILLIAM FAULKNER's latest addition to the chronicles of Yoknapatawpha County follows the career of Flem Snopes from the buckboard era through that of the Model T, and from the impoverished farms and unpainted cabins of Frenchman's Bend to the drugstores, offices and banks of the town of Jefferson. As Snopes exploits the fears and passions of the townsfolk, the tale of his ruthless deeds often shades off into social comedy. Before the novel is over, however, the comedy has turned to something more serious, and this descendant of a Confederate horse-thief, who appeared in Yoknapatawpha County amid a swarm of poor and predatory kinfolk, has eliminated every other Snopes from competition and risen to become the president of Jefferson's bank by manipulating his relatives' misfortunes and his wife's infidelity to his own advantage.

Unlike its predecessor, *The Hamlet*, which dealt with country people and their national concerns, *The Town*, moves among the manners, intentions, reactions and second guesses characteristic of city life. In making this change, and taking the minds rather than the actions of his characters for his focus, Mr. Faulkner seems to have left behind his distinctive strength. *The Town*, like much of his best work, is a recital of thoughts, but he is no sensitive or profound psychologist. Although he is always telling us what his people are thinking, his real medium of expression is the external world with which their thoughts are occupied. His message is most authentic when it is embodied in the objects, landscapes, animals and actions of country life. Take one step backward to gain a general view of *The Hamlet*, for example, and its people become vague shadows moving through a vivid atmosphere. Their minds are continually revealed in diffuse rhetorical prose, but their characters and situations are driven home by such physical actualities as Flem's pathetically genteel snap-on bow-tie, the hollow tree where Mink Snopes deposits the body of Jack Houston, and the runaway horse blundering into Ratliff's bedroom.

IN FORM *The Town* is an unintentional parody of the conventional social novel, for it makes use of a fairly tight plot, rivalries in love and even the device of the Old Man's Will. The direct narration of *The Hamlet* is replaced by monologues of three citizens of Jefferson. The main action of the novel is embedded in their speculations about it, and serves as a point of departure for the interplay of their insights and miscalculations. Through the narrative of these observers we witness the spectacle of Jefferson delivering itself into the hands of Flem Snopes through its own rapacity, stubbornness and inertia.

Mr. Faulkner's comparative lack of success with a project of this kind can

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A Charm To Be Whispered

Walk, ghost, no more in the long corridor
After the spindled slipper's shuffle whispers
No more, and no hushed silk more rustles;
Softly the watching shadows now
No more breathe in the quiet doors,
Nor curtain holds a sigh.
Nor sigh
Lost footfalls of soft woman going to bed,
To the brocaded arms both girl and oranges
Offering no more now, orangegirl, girl
Not girl not ghost not anything:
Unscented now.

Lie, love, no more in the long bed of my side.

HILARY CORKE

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be partly explained by the narrative style of the Yoknapatawpha stories. Although it has made a place for itself in American literature, it remains an extremely eccentric style. Characteristically, its episodes begin *in medias res* without transitions, and end with crisp, arch conclusions. Place and character are not identified, but are established casually in the course of the scene. The events are seldom presented directly, but are screened through conversations or ruminations. The narrative stress is often deliberately misplaced, and important actions are brought in subtly through suggestion or allusion while something else is being discussed.

There are, strictly speaking, no actions in a Faulkner novel. Their motion is frozen as the author seizes single moments to describe details and explore their past and future bearings. Also, he very oddly enters into long speculations upon the non-existent, telling what might have happened under different conditions, sometimes developing these excursions with the same vividness and fullness found in the actual narrative, while he holds the story still. His comment and description usually have a rude amateur afflatus that contrasts disastrously with the homely poetry and directness found in the conversation of his country people. He sidles into a sentence, interrupts himself with flashes of synthetic eloquence and then, prodding himself into emotion, embarks on flights that can be pompous, melodramatic or sentimental.

These obliquities, however necessary they may be to the effect Mr. Faulkner finally achieves, do tend to interfere with the authenticity of his realizations. Sometimes they lead him into factual inconsistencies. Only his incredibly powerful sense of the reality of Yoknapatawpha County enables his subject matter to survive his style. When his imaginative invention fails, as it does whenever he is called upon to trace spiritual changes in his characters, the complexities of his method obscure, instead of illuminating, the tale.

To take a crucial instance of this failure, the two central figures of the novel, Flem and Eula Snopes, are discussed endlessly by the narrators, but little genuine insight into their characters emerges. The reader has to accept Eula's sensuality and remorse and Flem's unfailing malevolence at the word of his informants, for he is given little direct experience of them. Instead, the events that form the core of the story are handed down from obscure and implausible sources. In an extreme case, some of the facts of Eula Snopes' adultery are told by young Charles Mallison, who has heard them from his cousin Gowan, who learned them from a conversation that took place before Charles was born, and which Gowan was really too young at the time to understand. As the novel progresses and its main characters are kept at a distance, Mr. Faulkner's indirect approach becomes an elaborate evasion. Through much of *The Town* the familiar device of the naive observer is used in this way, not to heighten the reader's awareness of the events, but to wrap them in a spurious mystery.

The Savage Flutes

"Les flûtes sauvages du malheur..."
ST. JOHN PERSE

The savage flutes of disaster
Are not sounding for her,
Who walks away from her empty house
Nor turns a key in the door.

Her retreat is taken;
Gone before a first advance,
Without ceremony or angry drum
Or any banner broken.

The house, deserted citadel,
Invites an intruder;
Swept, polished, neat,
A last vestige of her.

Warm hum of summer
Pine aerials intercept,
Fans across a wide bed
Where two have slept.

Their boat in shallows
Rests by the lake;
Brambles crowd over
The path she must take.

A doe in the bracken
Turns a quick ear,
And crashes the woodland, hearing
Flutes she could not hear.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

Satire Without Malice

LOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By David Low. Simon and Schuster. 387 pp. $5.

Keith Hutchison

ONE reason why Low has proved so refreshing an influence on British life is that he was *not* born in Britain. A New Zealander, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he had already made a big reputation as a cartoonist in Australia, when, at the end of World War I, he received an offer from the London *Star*. Thus he came from a young, equalitarian country to an old one with a highly differentiated class system, the beneficiaries of which were fighting hard to maintain their privileges.

Low approached this situation with a well-developed bump of irreverence, a hatred of cruelty and pretentiousness, and a strong feeling for the under-dog. But while fundamentally a liberal, even a radical, he was never willing to follow a party line. He did not get on very well with the *Star*, a Liberal Party organ. His more recent and brief sojourn with the Labor *Daily Herald* was even less happy: the trade unionist sponsors of the paper failed to appreciate his symbolization of their movement by an amiable but dim-witted draught-horse. In fact, his freest years were with the Tory *Evening Standard*. Lord Beaverbrook faithfully observed a contract that gave the cartoonist *carte blanche*.

Karsh's photograph of Low, the frontispiece of this volume, suggests Mephistopheles. It is good fun and clever photography but hardly accurate portraiture, for there is really nothing devilish about Low. He can be biting; occasionally, when deeply moved, he can be savage. But he is a man utterly without malice who is "sure personal hatred is not the right inspiration for critical satire." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that he was on friendly terms with many of his prominent "victims."

Their partisans were not always so tolerant and Low could measure the accuracy with which any particular cartoon hit the bull's-eye by the volume of "letters-to-the-editor" denouncing him as a coarse, degenerate Bolshevik. Such critics did not unduly disturb him but he did get annoyed with friendly people who admired his "gags" but failed to recognize cartooning as a form of art. "I was a caricaturist," he writes, "and I believed that caricature was the most important of arts, if only because it clearly involved to a greater extent than any other the exercise of the two principles fundamental to all art...—selection and emphasis."

We may think this generalization a bit sweeping. But when we look at the reproductions of his work with which this book is generously illustrated, and recall other favorites for which there was no space, we can agree that Low's claim to be an artist of taste and integrity is beyond dispute.

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The Tools of Society

ENGINEERING IN HISTORY. By Richard Shelton Kirby, Sidney Withington, Arthur Burr Darling and Frederick Gridley Kilgour. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 530 pp. $8.50.

Carl Dreher

THORSTEIN VEBLEN envisioned economics as the bridge between social and technological evolution. One difficulty has been that "the guild of theoretical economists" has shown little taste for technology—Veblen himself, Schumpeter, Marx, Engels and the editors of *Fortune* being among the exceptions. Another is that technological history has been a relatively neglected field. Technology is not science, thus Sarton's great work has been peripheral; for other reasons the studies of Mumford, Smiles, Burlingame, Usher and others have failed to influence economic thought in proportion to their merits. *Engineering in History*, politically uncommitted and hence leaning toward the status quo, but leaving little excuse for ignorance of technological development on the part of social scientists, may help to build Veblen's bridge.

The writing team consisted of a civil engineer (Kirby) who is also an engineering historian, an electrical engineer (Withington) with a long-standing interest in engineering history, a historian (Darling) and a librarian and science historian (Kilgour). Their book is modestly billed as "a general introduction rather than a definitive history," and since it spans some 8,000 years it does necessarily leave many gaps for other scholars to fill. Ten years in the making, and based largely on original sources, it has, however, mapped the terrain for later researchers and obliterated some hoary technological myths.

Engineering in History tells how the modern mechanical, electrical, electronic and nuclear world has been put together. The presentation is clear and non-technical, without striving for effect. There are 177 illustrations, many from early original sources. Dozens of technological epics are compressed into a few paragraphs, and the text is studded with thousands of odd, revealing facts, such as that the sand hogs in the caissons of the 1870s worked by candlelight, that our method of measuring time and angles originated in the Babylonian number system based on 60, that the death rate rose in the 19th century because improvement in pumps resulted in the increased use of nearby river water instead of upland sources. But the real value of the book is that it never loses sight of the interaction of engineering and social history.

The fall of Rome and the subsequent history of Europe is an illustration. Christianity taught that slavery was wrong. Accordingly—and also for economic reasons—many owners freed their slaves. But slaves were the only important source of power in Rome. By the time Roman engineers began to substitute water power for slave power, it was too late. Nevertheless the Christian ethic was instrumental in giving rise to power engineering. As Lynn White puts it, "The chief glory of the Middle Ages was not its cathedrals or its epics or its scholasticism: it was the building for the first time in history of a complex civilization which rested not on the backs of sweating slaves or coolies but primarily on non-human power." For all its heresy-hunting, the Church did on the whole foster the advance of technology. This book disposes of the notion that all scientific and technological advance was in the teeth of religious hostility, and the equally mistaken idea that "there was no one except the clergy concerned with improving the condition of daily life of his fellow men in those times."

WITHOUT technological history, history cannot be written in accurate perspective. Nor can technological history be written without economics. At a later stage, when steam was added to water, wind and animal power, half a dozen inventors devised technologically successful steamboats before Robert Fulton. But shabbily as John Fitch, in particular, was treated by his country, the fact remains that the engines of his boats left little room for a payload. Fulton was the first to build a steamship in which the hull did more than support the power plant and the power plant did more than move the hull.

Discoveries are made by those willing and able to look for them, but among those who are able, few are willing. Engineering groups acquire a vested interest in existing technology quite as moneyed groups do and are similarly handicapped in pressing a new development. They see the obstacles rather than the opportunities. Similarly the engineering innovator of yesterday not infrequently turns into the reactionary of tomorrow. James Watt, in fear of explosions, fought high-pressure steam. Edison, obstinately and ignorantly opposing alternating current transmission, played into the hands of his financial enemies. As for inter-industry struggles, sabotage is the rule rather than the exception. The Mississippi River steamboat interests, abetted by the Army Engineers, tried to have the magnificent St. Louis arch bridge of James B. Eads torn down as it neared completion in 1873, while in England the British Electric Lighting Act of 1882 set back electric power generation in the interest of the gas lighting monopoly.

Engineering in History has little sympathy with American technological chauvinism, which antedated its Soviet counterpart and, if less strident, is equally misleading. The average educated American can hardly fail to be aware that Europeans are responsible for most of the discoveries and innovations of science and fundamental research, but he takes it for granted that we lead in engineering innovation. Even this, unfortunately, is not true except in a few cases like that of the airplane, where the genius of Wilbur and Orville Wright played a major role in original conception and application. In the more typical case of the automobile, Europeans made all the basic inventions and were in production several years before Americans. But sixty years later the United States had 75 per cent of all the motor vehicles in the world. We excel in those phases of engineering associated with terminal applications and sales.

With all the current emphasis on engineering and technology, engineers in

CARL DREHER is an engineer and writer. His book on automation is being published in the fall.

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particular should be persuaded, if not compelled, to read *Engineering in History*. One can become a successful engineer without it but an engineer will be a better human being, and almost surely a better engineer, if he knows to whom, and to what errors and agonies, he owes the tools of his trade.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Museum of Modern Art of New York is showing for the summer an exhibition of some three hundred works by Pablo Picasso in honor of the painter's seventy-fifth anniversary. Picasso has been the most inventive painter of our time. What we call modern art is made of innovations he originated or explored. The variety of his painting methods, the multiplicity of his styles and the vivacity of his ideas have always dazzled. He is the one painter of our time with claim to genius. And now that more than fifty years have passed since his influence began to be felt, one would like to make an evaluation of his work and to find its place in history.

As Gertrude Stein pointed out, a contemporary work will be interesting to us because it is about things that are interesting us at the time. But it will not strike us as beautiful. Instead, it will appear troublesome and ugly, because the things that are interesting us at that time are principally the things that are troubling us. Consequently it is always difficult to put any sort of final evaluation on a contemporary work. It is interesting or not, and that is all that can be said of it. If it is very good it will either be ignored—like the Cézannes—or create a scandal—like Impressionism. It is only later, when times have changed and the subject of the work of art is no longer a disturbing or antagonizing part of our living, that the work can become beautiful. At that point we begin to see with detachment what the work was about and how well it was done.

Today the work of Picasso is no longer contemporary. Even the most recent paintings are in a familiar style: in the last twenty-five years there has been little radical change—except perhaps for an added brilliance—either in his technical approach or in his choice of image. And it has at length become possible to sort out the pictures according to quality and to understand more clearly the painter's intentions.

All this is made much easier by the excellent chronological arrangement of the exhibition and relative completeness of the sampling. One notices in the earliest works the imitations and stylistic uncertainties always characteristic of the talented young. The faces—of *The Woman in Blue*, of the *Dwarf Dancer*, of the figures in *Le Moulin de la Galette*—have that flamboyant and eager toughness affected by Beardsley and his admirers. Pictures are begun in one style and finished in another. Even in the *Woman Ironing*, as late as 1903, the mannered and sentimental treatment of the head is out of keeping with the quiet and accurate drawing of the arms and hands.

Then suddenly something happens, a flowering, a maturity. *The Boy with Pipe* and the *Boy Leading a Horse*, both of 1905—like the miraculous *Jugger's Family* of Chicago—are images one cannot forget, painted in the most direct and unpretentious of painting styles. Uncertainty, brashness, even pathos are gone. The painter has disappeared, the work itself has come to life and speaks with a directness that only the greatest artists have ever managed to accomplish.

PICASSO was then 23. This particular sort of lyricism he never repeated. Probably he could not. His fantastic success had already begun. Perhaps that is why the pictures of the next few years seem unevenly painted. The portrait of Gertrude Stein and the *Woman Combing Her Hair* (of 1906) again have heads in one style and hands and bodies in another. The *Two Nudes* of the same year (much less successful than the drawings for it), and *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, a fairly sketchy canvas where little but the heads have any sort of elaborate treatment, both seem more interesting as stylistic experiments than as completed pictures. It is not until one arrives at the Cubist period beginning in 1910 that Picasso seems again to be painting a unified style. These subtle greys, the crisp brushwork, the balanced composition, and the tantalizing glimpses of the subject seen through a sort of prismatic dislocation, render these pictures the perfect and perhaps the most provocative portion of his work. This was a manner that held his interest for more than ten years. But the elaborate game of textures which was its development—patterns of paper cutouts, of false wood, of confetti, with their wonderful wit and half-hidden references to the classical subjects of painting—shifted the painter's attention from the difficult problems of painting in oil to the easier problems of pure decoration.

It was not until his visit to Rome with Diaghilev for the preparation of the ballet *Parade* of 1917, and his discovery there of Graeco-Roman wall painting, that he again attacked the problems of painting in the round. The smaller of these "classical" compositions are more successful than the larger ones which, impressive as they are, appear somewhat wooden and over-pink. And few of them are as pleasing as the drawings of the period, some of which—of *Diaghilev and Selisburg*, the *Two Peasants*, and *Dr. Claribel Cone*—with their sure, unshaded line, are among the most beautiful of all his work. The

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portrait of his son Paul in harlequin costume, dated 1924, in the same precise and fluid drawing style, is one of the most direct and touching of his works in oil.

From this point the work becomes more brilliant, more violent and less humanly interesting. The canvas is often larger than the subject deserves, and although the pictures are always pulled off in a masterly fashion, the painting itself is frequently either skimped or brutal. The joke of how the human figure can be recognized in spite of all distortions by the presence of teeth and breasts is endlessly repeated, frequently with wit but generally with hatred, arriving sometimes at the savage disgust of the *Reclining Nude* of 1936—an amoebic form overlooked by moon and stars—or of the *Woman Dressing Her Hair* of 1940—a harpy all the more terrifying on account of the solidity of her projecting forms. The color is sometimes handsome, sometimes even quite astonishing, as in the *Girl Reading* of 1934 where the bright yellow of the lamp and the mauve, lilac and white of the hands and face give the effect of a real illumination. There is an extremely skilful evocation of a child's drawing in *Night Fishing in Antibes* of 1939. But even before the *Guernica*, large scale and hard outline seem to have become a permanent part of the painting method so that many of the later pictures seem like posters intended chiefly to advertise the manufacturer's name.

Among the most recent pictures, the most interesting are perhaps *The Portrait of a Painter, after El Greco*, of 1950, an extremely mordant comment in brown and black on the 16th century Spanish style, the *Winter Landscape* in dark greens of Vallauris of the same year, and the very engaging portrait of the infant *Paul in Polish Costume* of 1948. Otherwise there is little that is completely free of malice or bravura. The series of fifteen canvases painted during the winter of 1954, inspired by *The Women of Algiers* of Delacroix, arrives at nothing more impressive than a pastische of Matisse.

A progress such as this, from the tenderest human sympathy to the bitterest misanthropy, from the most impersonal and delicate mastery of paint to bleak outline and hard embroideries, from the lyricism of personal sentiment to the public utterances of a loud speaker, is unusual in a painter. Painters, in general, once mastery is acquired, do not degenerate unless there is present some vice of character or some unmanageable element in the career. Here I believe the trouble has been publicity.

Selling pictures by publicity is a special technique invented by our time. Under ordinary circumstances it is impossible to sell pictures by advertising methods. The normal picture-buying public is too disdainful to be influenced by outside and unauthorized pressure, and it is too small to be touched by the large-scale methods devised to influence groups. Publicity's discovery in this field is that by turning the painter into a superhuman figure, a new and larger public can be created. This public is not in the least interested in painting, but it can be made to want to possess a work of genius. What is being sold is not the picture, but the painter.

Picasso, among the living painters, has been publicity's greatest and only stable success and, I believe, its greatest victim. For it is the necessity to astonish, which this regimen has imposed, that has driven this greatest painter of our time into the practice of mystification, of eclecticism and of brutality. Certainly a great deal of his work will remain as the finest of our century. But I suspect that he will be remembered, not as the painter who liberated us from dead traditions, but as the man who could not find a tradition he dared follow.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Hamburg

JUDGING by this city, Germany is enjoying a paroxysm of prosperity. The town has rebuilt 200,000 of its 300,000 damaged or demolished edifices; it is now a solidly handsome metropolis with very few scars to reveal its recent wounds or the fact that, like most great ports, it accumulates its little sacks of corruption. Two things are at once evident to the passing visitor: in all its big hotels, men from everywhere are talking business deals, and thousands of people are thronging to the theatre.

Though Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance* was playing at one theatre and Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* at another, I confined my theatregoing to the elegant municipal playhouse, the *Deutsches Schauspielhaus*, which is under the management of Gustaf Gründgens, a highly endowed actor, director and, so to speak, "diplomat," for, born and bred under the Empire, he has survived three different political regimes.

Hamburg's *Deutsches Schauspielhaus*, like all the German state and municipal theatres, is a repertory theatre with a large company of excellent actors. Its productions at the moment are: Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, Garcia Lorca's *Mariana Pineda*, Goethe's *Faust* and Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates* (under its original title *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place*). I saw the first three of these productions.

Before saying anything about them, I should like to note certain details of the theatrical environment in which these productions occur. The theatre itself is rather large—though not too large for intimate plays—with a spacious lobby besides ample room around the auditorium for the audience to move

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about in the intermissions; as in most European theatres, one can buy all sorts of drinks and, often in Germany, something to eat.

The price of tickets ranges from thirty-five cents to three dollars. The program, which costs about ten cents, contains, besides the usual information, rather learned articles on the origins of the play, quotes from the author's other works (for example, some of Lorca's poems in the program for *Mariana Pineda*), pictures of the company's actors and directors. The ushers admit you to the auditorium, but the audience finds its own seats without any difficulty—and is almost always prompt.

The German audience is respectful, attentive and discriminating. It rarely applauds—except for especially fine moments of acting—until the curtain is down, the house fully illuminated. In Hamburg the large stage is scented with something like incense, the fragrance of which extends out into the house. The audience never straggles in after the second-act curtain is up but is comfortably and quietly seated by the time the play resumes. There is usually only one intermission.

MOST characteristic is the answer I got to a question about the plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge —nearly all of which have been presented in many German cities. (Every city with a population greater than 25,000 has at least two municipal theatres, one for drama, the other for opera.) Were these plays, I asked, played at the state theatres? Rarely, I was told, because they are entertainment and the German state theatres devote themselves to *Bildung*, that is, to education or culture.

The production of *Much Ado About Nothing* is one of the best I have ever seen of any comedy by Shakespeare. It had vigor, boldness, a lusty sense of fun. The men were particularly good-looking, and all the actors' voices were ringing, their diction impeccable, their stage deportment authoritative in every respect. The play was not an exercise in archaic drama: it was free, alert, splendidly fresh—and the full house responded to it with an energetic delight equal to the performance. One feels here that acting, and the theatre generally, is truly a profession, an honored craft worthy of serious dedication, because the community needs, enjoys and appreciates it. One feels this because it is a fact.

The Lorca play, beautiful and utterly simple in design with a kind of opulent asceticism—all black, grey and gold—is a tragically ironic love story with social overtones. For Mariana Pineda, it appears, was a young woman who was executed in 1830 because she sewed a flag for the rebel (liberal) conspirators who threatened the tyrannically reactionary Spanish monarchy of the period. She sewed the flag because she was in love with one of the liberal leaders. She is condemned to death, but she is assured she can evade the sentence if she names the men with whom she was connected in the conspiracy. She refuses to do this even though she learns that her lover—whom she romantically hopes will come to save her —has escaped to England with his friends and is thus beyond the reach of the law. Her refusal to reveal the identity of the conspirators is thus an act of pure sacrifice to an ideal of love and honor which she alone—rather than her lover — represents. She herself is freedom, Lorca proclaims, and solitary.

The play is thin in plotting and its mixture of realistic argument and poetic utterance not wholly integrated. But Lorca's spirit is so exalted, his language so spare and yet so rich—every word is like a gem—emerald, ruby, sapphire—set down with noble economy on a black velvet or ebony background—that the effect is as moving as some ritual of profound religious import.

The production of *Faust*, which is the smash of the Hamburg season, is peculiarly impressive to its audience because, while it is done as if it were presented with bare physical means on a wooden wagon platform, it is made wholly modern in the clarity of its intellectual content with a maximum of theatrical point. This is a difficult feat since *Faust* is largely a literary-philosophical parable rather than a true poetic drama. Its sentimental plot and its attempts at showmanship for the groundlings have in them something naive and gauche which betrays a talent imperfectly oriented to the stage, despite Goethe's great concern with and feeling for the theatre.

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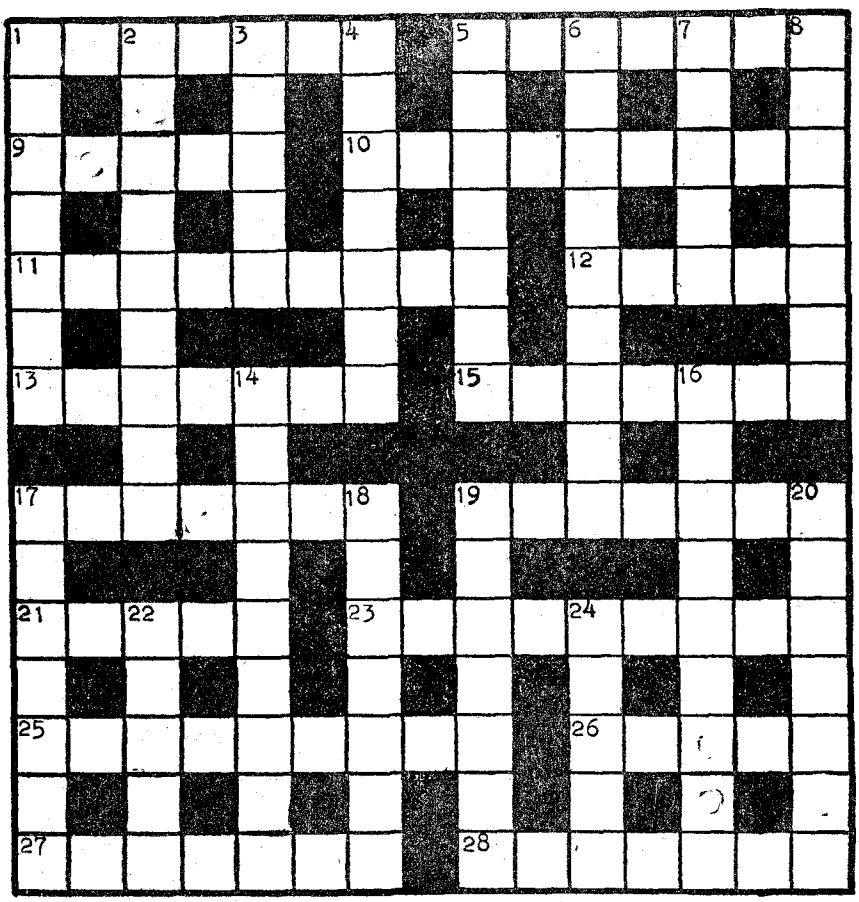
Crossword Puzzle No. 727

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This vessel could be opening after a short time. (7)
5 One of these go with game on the stage—a sleeper, no doubt! (7)
9 Following 8 or 15, these might supply one or two leads to the station, however tortuous. (5)
10 Is this theory original? (9)
11 To enlarge discourse made at the middle, to atone for the environs. (9)
12 Who telephoned for lodging inside? (5)
13 What the perfect host picks up allows slabs of it. (7)
15 Might go over 8, but doesn't have to be twice as large! (7)
17 This might fit an expert to a T, but doesn't show intent. (7)
19 They should supply quite a few pounds, if the load doesn't slide. (7)
21 The way dogies get is certainly not a short way. (5)
23 Applicable to those which might easily tumble. (9)
25 Marks the end of the run a short time ago? (4, 5)
26 Lower a bag of diamonds? (5)
27 Didn't get on with a song in the act. (7)
28 Talent requires quite a lot of them. (7)

DOWN:

1 A sign of emptiness, in place of a tear. (3, 4)
2 In an explosive charge having the power to render impotent. (9)
3 Resource. (5)
4 The last word to the listeners improves the estimation. (7)
5 Left at the finish, to give a sign of it. (7)
6 Evidently several balked singers were confined to this. (9)
7 All wet? Tom is not quite bad! (5)
8 Jersey way to imitate a bird, as one might allow. (7)
14 and 24 Stopper pulled with difficulty, perhaps. (9, 5)
16 The rather pale type? (5-4)
17 Evidently fruit was in the van, but the stones haven't been taken out. (7)
18 What mades the wand get out of shape, as string might be? (7)
19 Evidently stripes come in different shades. (7)
20 These don't always have good keepers. (7)
22 This bird always has a parasitic make-up. (5)
24 See 14 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 726

Across: 1 MALAPROPISM; 9 BULLETIN; 10 TWENTY; 11 and 12 BIG-GAME HUNTERS; 14 SEXTET; 15 RESISTOR; 17 AMBROSIA; 20 SLUMPS; 22 ASSISTS; 24 SADDLES; 26 VISION; 27 IMPOUNDS; 28 and 25 down STICKS TO THE RIBS. Down: 2 ALLIGATOR; 3 AUTOMAT; 4 RENT; 5 PUT-OUTS; 6 and 13 down SWEETBREAD; 7 LUPINE; 8 STEREO; 16 SOURDOUGH; 18 MOSAIC; 19 SATANIC; 20 SHAMPOO; 21 PLEADS; 23 IDIOT.

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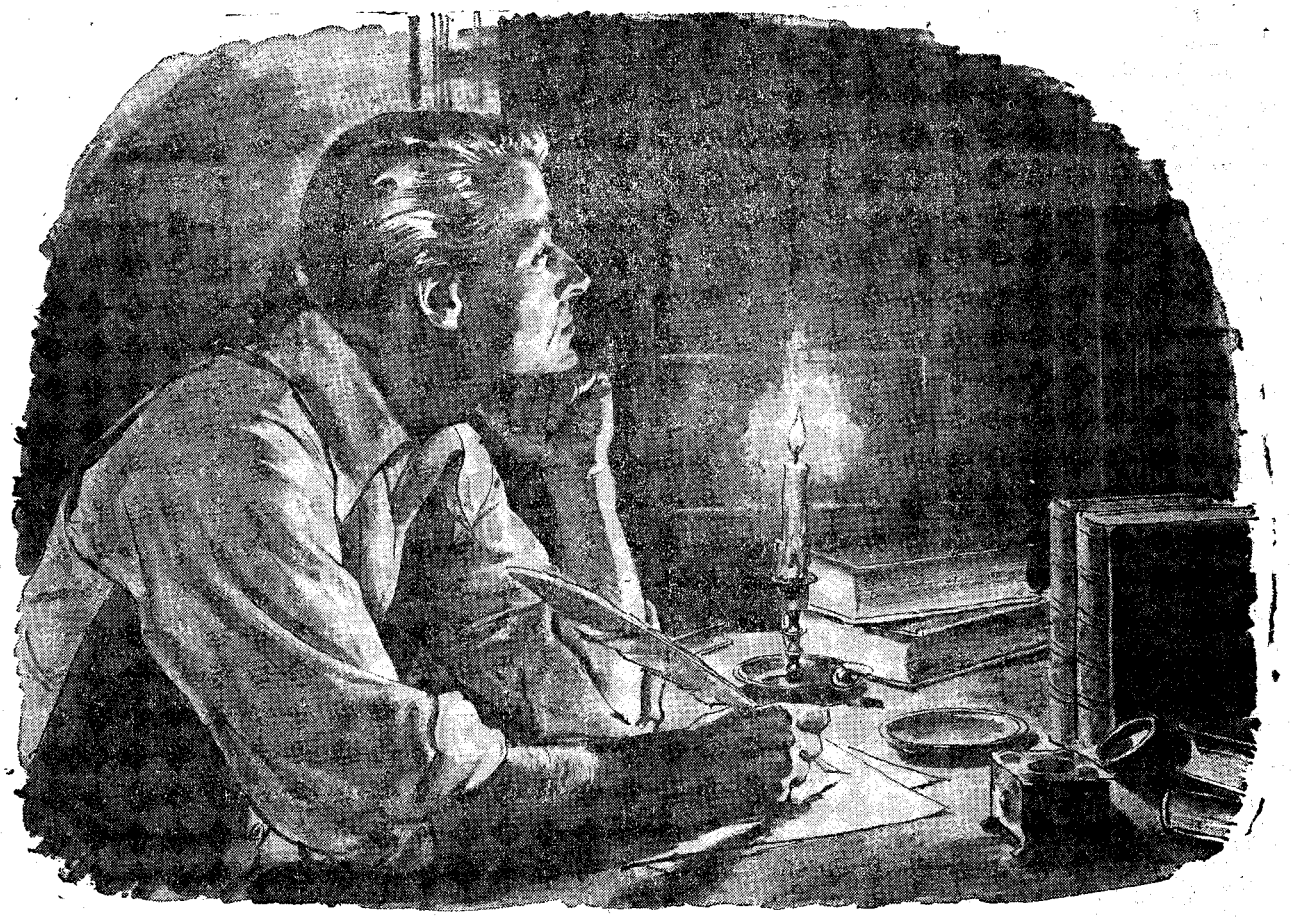

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